Home Mission Echoes

"The country for which I lifted up mine hand to give it to your fathers."

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Vol. VII. AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER, 1903 Nos. 8 and 9

Opportunity

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge
And thought: "Had I a sword of keener steel —
That blue blade that the king's son bears — but this
Blunt thing!" He snapt and flung it from his hand,
And, lowering, crept away and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle shout
Lifted afresh, he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

— *Edward Rowland Sill.*

510 Tremont Temple
Boston

"Topics for 1903"

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HOME MISSION ECHOES

This paper is published monthly under the auspices jointly of the American Baptist Home Mission Society and the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, and represents in a concise manner the interests of both organizations. It aims to make a cheap, popular Home Mission periodical, attractive in its mechanical features, interesting to old and young in its varied contents, with numerous illustrations during the year. Mrs. M. C. Reynolds is the General Editor, and Mrs. Jas. McWhinnie, assistant editor. Rev. H. L. Morehouse, D. D., has charge of the Home Mission Society's Department, and Mrs. Anna Sargent Hunt charge of the Department for "the Young People." All correspondence pertaining to the editorial department of the paper should be sent to Mrs. M. C. Reynolds, 510 Tremont Temple.

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From Mrs. Edith Wright, Fruitland

WE cannot use second-hand clothing for Christmas gifts very satisfactorily, but we need them for the daily work as we see the actual need. We cannot use ladies' jackets or light waists, but ladies' skirts, men's and children's garments are always acceptable. Second-hand stockings can be used if the legs are whole. I can teach them to put new feet to them in sewing meetings. Second-hand shoes can be used, too.

For the sewing meetings we shall need patchwork, cotton batting, and calico. Outing flannel or cotton flannel will be needed for children's shirts when winter comes. We have never given things indiscriminately, but now that we have learned the families we shall be able to use the things more wisely during the coming year. We try to teach the people that we give these things when we see the actual need, and that they are sent by kind friends who love Jesus and want them to know Him.

We think one of the best ways to help them overcome their superstitious notions about sickness is to give them medicines. We have found the following medicines very useful: Trask's Magnetic Ointment, carbolic salves, quinine, acetanalid and sodium compound, Rochelle salts, porous plasters, witchhazel, castor oil, and cough medicine.

I wish it were possible for churches contemplating sending barrels to start them in September. Our trade usually gets in his winter's stock of goods during September, October, and November, and after that but little freighting is done during the winter. A friend of Mrs. Wright's is pastor of Waverly Baptist Church, Iowa. They sent two barrels in December, but they have not reached us yet. Do not know what has become of them.

Freight address, Gallup, New Mexico, Care C. [illegible] Cotton.

Home Mission Echoes

"Our Echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever." — *Tennyson.*

Vol. VII. AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER, 1903 Nos. 8 and 9

The Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society

Editorial

A SPECIAL Board meeting of the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society was held on Wednesday, July 8th, at 10 A. M. Dr. Grant A. Evans, president of Henry Kendall College, I. T., Professor Rishel, of Atoka, I. T., and Dr. Sheldon Jackson, United States Commissioner of Education for Alaska, were present. Doctor Evans spoke of the necessity of a public school system in the Indian Territory. He said that under the condition of a former treaty with the Indians, there could be no taxation by the Indians for public schools, nor could land occupied by the whites be taxed.

The Indian government had, up to this time, supplied a public tribal school system entirely inadequate. By the terms of the treaty, the tribal government and schools would expire in 1906, and the Territory would be left with no public school system. Doctor Evans urged the necessity that all organizations interested for the Indians would urge, through their representatives in Congress, that our United States Government should be asked to give the Indian Territory a system of public schools at once, or give the Territory power to create such a system itself.

Professor Rishel spoke of the work done in previous years at Atoka Academy. These buildings were formerly owned by the American Baptist Home Mission Society, but have been purchased by Doctor Murrow, and the Baptist Indian Orphans Home established the only one in America, the support and development of which means much to the orphans of Indian Territory. It is a continuance of Atoka Academy on a larger scale. The Home will accommodate one hundred pupils, who will receive nine months' schooling and care. The Choctaw nation aids in providing food and clothing for the children, but does not aid in support of teachers. During the summer they will go out to work, or remain and work on the farm connected with the school.

Doctor Jackson, in a few words, commended the work of our Society at Wood Island. The beautiful situation, the neat and commodious buildings, the well cultivated grounds, and the faithful and efficient superintendent, Mr. C. P. Coe.

He deprecated the fact that the United States government was unable to build a schoolhouse at present. It would support a teacher, and provide fuel and lights, but with the present small amount received for education it could not build.

At eleven o'clock the Board adjourned to Park Street Church, where a good sized audience listened to Doctor Jackson as he spoke for an hour on the school work, missionary work in Alaska, and the benefits derived from introducing reindeer into the country. He painted clearly the new conditions that had come to Alaska in the last five years, and urged Christians of all denominations to realize the responsibility resting upon them to give the gospel to the whites and natives of Alaska.

THE reports from our corresponding secretary, Mrs. M. C. Reynolds, are quite encouraging, and give promise that the much needed rest will restore her former strength and health. She is still in Rochester, where she is having the best of care and medical advice. We miss her exceedingly and our hearts and prayers go out for her, as we know her heart and prayers are for us and her much loved work.

Under the Flag

THE first book of an interdenominational course of study upon Home Missions is now ready. The book gives a study of conditions in America from the standpoint of Woman's Home Mission Work. It also contains many valuable suggestions for Home Missionary meetings, also a list of Home Mission books. We urge our circles to take up this course of study. Price of book, twenty-five cents, and five cents for postage. Send to Mrs. James McWhinnie, 510 Tremont Temple.

A Plea for the Indians of Alaska

THE disease forced and the cruelty committed on the helpless natives of Alaska has reached such a stage that to be quiet is criminal. The matter has been laid before the proper officials of the Territory, but they are unable to do anything under the present laws. Perhaps by bringing the subject before the public, some action may be taken, and therefore I write this.

The statements below have come under my personal observation during my three years' residence in the village of Unga, Western Alaska, and while travelling along the Alaskan Peninsula. I am told that the conditions in other parts of Alaska are about the same as those here described.

INDIAN RIVER, ALASKA

In 1899, when I first came to the village of Unga, there was an old Aleut, about fifty years of age, who was very sick, and who died soon after. This is his story:

His wife was a native, much younger than himself, and who was liked by a young Norwegian fisherman. One night he came to the home of the couple, bringing liquor with him. After they had had a few drinks together, he began making advances to the woman, which the old man resented; and the fight that followed resulted finally in the death of the old man and the marriage of the white man with the woman.

One day, in the spring of 1900, while going through the village, I noticed the mother of one of the schoolboys, apparently well. The next morning she was found on her cabin floor dead, and a Scandinavian fisherman, with a whiskey bottle in his hand, asleep by the side of her. The woman was a widow and her son became homeless.

During the winter of the same year and in the same village, there was an old inoffensive Aleut, suffering with a broken leg. One night, after he and his very old wife had retired, a young, strong white man came in, dragged the old man from the bed, jumped him up and down, naked and helpless, dropped him on the floor, and then replaced him in bed. A little later the old man died.

These are not isolated instances. It is the normal condition all along the Alaskan Peninsula. Some of the scenes cannot, with decency, be described, but are witnessed by the boys and girls. In none of the above cases was any action taken, and the guilty parties are to-day continuing in their sinful ways.

Some of the United States commissioners and United States deputy marshals appointed to protect these people are models of vice. One United States commissioner, now in office, lives in open adultery, and for many other reasons would not be tolerated in a decent community. To one of the districts was recently appointed a United States commissioner, who is, without dispute, the most noted adulterer in every possible sense of the word in that district. He has right along violated the laws, and has given liquor to natives, and is, perhaps, doing so at the present time. What protection can the natives expect for their wives and daughters from such officials? Since the government does not allow these officials any regular salary, they try and make it from fees and perhaps other ways.

We have societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and yet no restraint is put upon the cruelties committed on the natives of Alaska.

They are poor and diseased, but they ask no alms nor help from any one; they merely beg for honest police protection such as any human being and beast is entitled to. Protection for themselves, wives, and children, of whom they wish to make good men and women.

Is the United States government so poor financially and in good, honest, pure men that it cannot afford to protect the lives and honor of a few harmless natives? It is the least that can be done, and it is all they ask. — *F. A. Golder, Teacher U. S. Public School at Unga, Alaska, 1899–1902, and U. S. Commissioner, 1902, in The Red Man.*

The Way Out

For the Home Mission Echoes

I VISITED recently a married couple of most devout and zealous converts from Romanism, whom I knew as being connected all around with families of high social position in the Province of Quebec. The lady's father, a banker, belonged to the aristocracy of the society in which she had always moved, and she had married into an intensely Catholic family, bound to the church by the very great honor of having furnished from the household of daughters, "mother superiors" to two of the great convent institutions of Canada. Knowing, as I do, how these high social and religious relationships hold people generally, and Catholics especially, to the "faith of the fathers," I was curious to find out just how these two came to have the strength of conviction and the rare courage to break loose from so many strong family ties, and believing that there must have been something unusual and very interesting in the circumstances that finally brought about their separation from the Roman Catholic Church, I asked them to tell me some of the incidents in their lives which finally resulted in their coming into the truth.

Mrs. T. said that something of a revolt against the Church of Rome commenced in her heart when she was quite young, then living in Canada. One day she was busily engaged in her devotions in the parish church, when through a small side door two men came in bearing a coffin, a mere box of rough boards. Carrying it through the side aisle to a position as far as possible from the great central altar, they placed it upon two low stools. It was evidently for the funeral service of some poor person in the parish. Soon one of the curates (vicaires), very slovenly habited, came in with ritual instruments in keeping with his uncouth appearance; an old, tarnished holy-water-sprinkler, a solitary flickering taper carried by a little boy, on a candlestick all blurred over with rust and verdigris. The service was despatched in almost a minute's time, and the coffin was carried out by the two men to the graveyard. Accustomed as she was to the ceremonies for the rich or well-to-do of the parish, who could pay their $50 or $100 for the repose of the souls of the departed, and familiar with the ceremonies, on such occasions, of bearing the dead up the central aisle to the great altar, the place of honor and blessing, and placing the casket amidst the blaze of lighted tapers upon the draped catafalque of the church, built up higher and higher according as the price was higher, this heartless, almost insulting scanty service for the poor, with souls just as precious as the rich, filled her kind girlish heart with indignation against the church, and with her first distrust of its claims to be a divine institution.

Another circumstance about that time greatly weakened the hold of the church upon her confidence and respect. In view of the approaching yearly communion at Easter, as is quite common among devout Catholics, she added to the ordinary preparation for this occasion, what is called a "general confession," that is, not only a confession covering the period since the last confession, but the whole of the past life. Her father confessor, a young man, apparently not satisfied with general acknowledgments of faults such as might be remembered in the life of a well brought up young woman, began questioning her about sins in goodly number of which she had never heard or thought of, and of such a character that her whole being revolted against the vile ordeal. Returning home with pent-up mortification, she sought relief in a good crying spell. Her mother, noticing her distress, urged her to tell what was the matter. Expecting to find sympathy, what was her surprise when her good mother simply petulantly replied: "*Eh! grosse folle*, you big simpleton, what if the priest did ask you all these questions so long as you could tell him that you were guilty of no such sins?" This was some comfort, and she continued to conform to Catholic usages.

Another rude shock came to her faith in the church some time after her marriage. The priest to whom she and her husband went was at the time so under the influence of champagne, or something stronger, that he actually fell asleep while she, poor penitent, was telling the story of her sins, for as she closed her confession with the usual formula: "And of you, my father, I ask absolution and my penance," there was no response whatever. After waiting awhile she repeated in higher pitch of voice the penitent's usual request. But no response. Elijah's "peradventure he sleepeth," was only sober fact. In her desperation she worked herself up into a spell of vigorous coughing, to wake her confessor up. This proved effectual. The awakened father was in benevolent mood, and just in time to pronounce absolution.

The climax, however, in these providential happenings that were evidently preparing this good woman to welcome the gospel when it should be made known to her, came somewhat later. The couple were then living in one of our great centres of French Canadian population in Rhode Island. Notwithstanding the experiences above related, they were still bound to the church by the many ties of education, habit, interest, friendship, etc. But going to confession on one occasion, they found the little chapel where the confessional was placed, filled with a crowd of penitents standing around the little curtained booth that enclosed the priest, awaiting each their turn at the little wicket, where they could pour their sins into the ear of their father confessor. In a tired and restless crowd some shuffling of feet and whispering, of course, was inevitable. But it so disturbed the pent-up father confessor, that he suddenly burst forth from his curtained tabernacle in anything but a pardoning mood. With face flushed in anger, he began berating indiscriminately the whole crowd. "*Bande de moutons*, why can't you act like human beings? Have you got to behave like so many four-legged brutes?" This was too much for her already somewhat shaky allegiance to her church. She and her husband both went out, this time never to return to a Romish confessional again. It might not have been so, however, but for another circumstance which in the good providence of God occurred shortly after. A colporteur entered the store of her husband with two books in his hands. The merchant, thinking that it was a "drummer," asked him his errand. The Christian worker replied: "Do you want a Bible?" handing him one. Our Mr. T., examining it, said: "Yes, I want a Bible, but a Bible in French." "Then this is just what you want, for this is in French," said the colporteur, handing him the other volume. The book was purchased. Husband and wife began reading it, and are both now beloved members of a Baptist church in Connecticut.

J. N. WILLIAMS.

Lines of Negro Development

BY E. P. COWAN, D. D.

ALTHOUGH it was prophesied in many quarters, a generation ago, that the emancipated negro would die out in this country, they have, nevertheless, within this time, not only doubled their number, but have added an additional million besides. There are now nine millions of negroes in the United States, and eight million and a quarter are living closely in the neighborhood in which they were born, and are likely to live there for many years to come. In South Carolina, for every forty-two white men you meet, you are liable to meet fifty-eight black men. In some of the more densely populated counties the negroes outnumber the whites twelve to one. In the decade ending in 1890, the whole negro population increased thirteen per cent., but in the last decade they increased eighteen per cent.

They have not only more than doubled in numbers; they have quadrupled in influence and power. Two million and more, perhaps, have been enlightened and lifted up through the missionary and evangelistic efforts of the Christian churches and schools, while the mass, as a whole, has undoubtedly absorbed, by contact with an enlightened people, influences that have placed them a long way beyond where they were when first they obtained their freedom. It must never be forgotten that even without the aid of teachers and schools these people will learn. They will learn something by absorption. New ideas will come to them by virtue of their surroundings, and it is immeasurably better that they drink in that which is true and pure and good rather than that they should slake their thirst at the impure fountains of error, superstition, and sin.

During these thirty-eight years much has been done. Ministers have been educated, churches built, schools established, and out of these schools have come a host of strong men already — lawyers, doctors, druggists, editors, authors, inventors, orators, poets, musicians, and an army of excellent teachers.

Although there are many well established public schools in the towns and cities of the South, with terms extending through eight or ten months, the schools in the rural districts drop to five, four, three, and even two months, so that the average length of the public school is five months. The total enrolment of negro children of school age is only one-third of the total number. There is need, therefore, of a continuance of the work so well begun and so efficiently carried on by Christian missionary schools.

Some of the large and prosperous schools that have emphasized the industrial feature (a feature by no means neglected in our schools) have caught the eye and ear and heart of the general public, and because of the good they are doing have been seized upon as having within them the sole solution of the negro problem. Good as they are in their places, it must not be forgotten that they are only doing a part of the work. Much as industrial training is needed, it is not all that is needed.

A distinguished scholar had four sons, three of whom became eminent divines, but the fourth became a farmer. It would have been unwise in that man to declare early in the life of his children either that they should all be farmers or that they should all be divines. God gives us our aptitudes, and in every race men select their occupations along the line of their God-given qualifications.

The very separation of the negro race from the stronger race, in the midst of which it lives, makes it imperative that they have within themselves all the agencies for good that are to be found in any other advancing race. Servitors there will be, and many of them, in this race for a long time to come, but it is too narrow a view of the future for the negro that they shall all be hewers of wood and drawers of water. The Christian churches have made no mistake in training in their schools and institutions of higher learning negro men and women who are necessary to counsel, advise, and lead their own people when counsel, advice and leadership is needed. — *Assembly Herald.*

Atoka, I. T.

THE Choctaw Teachers' Association has recently met at Atoka; quite a number of teachers were present and many interesting and profitable discussions were given. We certainly appreciated their coming here, as it brings us into closer touch with the work. Many of the teachers were from the mission schools or academies, and of course were very much interested in our boys and girls here. They seemed quite pleased with the work that was being done. Revival services were held at the Baptist church a few weeks ago, and our larger boys and girls took an especial interest in it. Some who were professing Christians, yet who felt as though they were doing as much for Christ's cause as they might, were brought to see that Christ's power alone could help them, and others who never had felt any interest were brought to a saving knowledge of Christ's power.

It seems as though I never before have had such a deep interest in the spiritual welfare of our children, and I hope and pray that I may always be burdened with a sense of the responsibility that rests upon me as a Christian of doing something each day for Him. Our scholars are doing quite a little along the line of manual work. The boys are making little chairs, bedsteads, tables, etc., and the girls making paper work. They enjoy it very much, and it is certainly a help to them. I am so glad that the life here is indeed the home life. Mrs. Williams is a mother to all the children, and they respect and love her as such. It seems as if we were all members of one large family, all interested, busy, and happy, each helping the other. The children have helped me very much in that: being as we are in touch with them daily, we cannot but feel an interest in each child. I have learned to know that race does not count, but that every one of God's children has traits of character that, although very different from others, can be influences for good. My life certainly has been stronger and my ideas broadened by being here.

Yours in Christ,

ANNA DICKERMAN.

New Mexico

I HAVE a great longing to be among Christian people this morning, but since I cannot, I am going to talk to you about our Navajos, whom we have learned to love for Jesus's sake. Mr. Wright took the horses and went down to help the men on the irrigation ditch to-day. They have worked faithfully on this for nearly three months. Much of the time they have had nothing but bread and coffee to eat. They had three horses for meat in that time. I cooked beans for them several times. During that time we had a deep snow. All the shelter they had was our tent. Most of the time they had nothing but sage-brush to burn. Many of them had but thin ragged calico shirts and trousers for clothing; but the good barrels sent by friends helped them so much. I gave so many good warm garments to these men. They hope to finish the dam to-day. If they succeed in running the water into this ditch it will afford irrigation for hundreds of acres of rich soil. Oh, how we pray that they may have this blessing.

NINA, THE NAVAJO GIRL

It has been such a long, cold winter, and the Indians have had a hard time. They had so little grass for their stock that many of the sheep and horses died. They raised very little corn last year, so many have gone hungry this winter. There has been so much sickness, and the medicines sent by friends have done so much good. They are coming to us more and more for medicine, but the medicine-men do not like this. They come themselves for medicines if they can do it without others knowing it. The medicine-men are the great stumbling-blocks in our work here. The superstitions of the Navajos are dreadful; they are so afraid of sickness and death that their whole life seems to be given to appease the wrath of Chindee (evil spirit), which they think causes all their trouble. A medicine-man will go to a camp and tell the mother — the breadwinner — that some of her family are going to die, but that he can prevent the death by his incantations. The mother consents to give him sheep (ten to fifty) for his services. Then a big crowd of Indians come and they sing and dance two or three days and nights. That mother must feed the crowd. Is it any wonder the medicine-man objects to missionaries taking away his trade; or is it very strange that the Indians come to the mission for medicine when it costs them nothing? Oh, how our hearts have ached to see the dreadful way the medicine-men treat the patients. They sing over the patients night and day, never giving them a chance to rest. There has been so much pneumonia this winter. They believe that an enemy, a long distance away, has shot a stone into the chest. The medicine-man cuts into the place where the pain is, draws the blood out with his mouth, and after cutting several times is usually successful in drawing out the stone. Some have come to us with their chests and backs covered with healing sores and scars. A woman was badly bitten on the arm, a short time ago, by a dog. The medicine-man sang over her two or three days before she came to us. Her arm was in a dreadful condition. It smelled so I could scarcely dress it; but we dressed it often and prevented blood-poisoning. A woman who must weigh over two hundred pounds fell in the fire the other day and burned her side and arm awfully. When the wounds were full of pus she came to us for treatment. We have many such cases. It taxes our brains and hearts to the utmost to know how to deal wisely with these poor heathen. But Jas. 1:5 is a helpful passage. God's promises are more real to us than ever before. Our Sunday services are well attended, and they g i v e g o o d attention. They do not express themselves very freely, but we believe they are thinking. Our sewing meetings have been a means of reaching the women. Poor things, they have to work so hard that they would not come so often were it not for the sewing meetings. We make children's garments. We expect to begin patch-work in a month or so.

The Indians are all busy irrigating now, so we do not have quite so many visitors now. We took advantage of our quiet days (very few of them), and papered our ugly mud walls and painted the woodwork. We feel very fine now. I suppose you civilized people are planting flowers and enjoying green lawns. We can see a few green patches in the distance. Two cottonwood-trees down in the arroyo have put on their spring dresses. The snow line has crept to the very summit of the mountains, so the water is running now in the arroyo. The sound of flowing water is sweet music to us. There is so much more I would like to say, but must stop. Pray for us, dear friends, that God may use us to lead these people to Christ.

Yours with love,

EDITH R. WRIGHT.

Fruitland, May, 1903.

American Baptist Home Mission Society

Editorial Notes

A CONFERENCE on Evangelism was held at the Home Mission rooms in New York City, July 22d and 23d, in which the Baptist State Convention of New England, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania were represented. A similar conference is to be held in Chicago the latter part of August, for the Central Western States.

THIS is a very busy summer for the force at the rooms of the Home Mission Society. Four or five large school-buildings are in process of erection, with the heating and other equipments to be provided for; places for several chapels, in Cuba and Porto Rico, must be ready before fall, so that work thereon may begin as soon as the rainy season ends. Add to these and numberless other matters, two conferences on evangelism, and the formulation of a genuine scheme for evangelistic effort, and it will appear that little or no time can be taken for vacation, by those on whom the chief responsibility for these matters rest.

RECENTLY the Society, through Rev. W. H. Sloan, has secured desirable mission property in the large cities of Puebla and San Luis Potosi, Mexico. The property purchased in the city of Mexico, about fifteen years ago, is worth now probably three times what it cost. Our Baptist church there is right adjacent to the site of the magnificent national Pantheon projected by the national government.

Do not forget that the Home Mission Society urgently needs from $7,000 to $10,000 more for sites and chapels in Cuba and Porto Rico. These are indispensable in many places where congregations have been gathered and churches organized, but where there is neither a hall nor any other suitable place for public services. Three or four churches have been organized since the annual meeting of the Society in May. The work is simply wonderful.

THE *Baptist Home Mission Monthly*, for July, contains the admirable addresses of Dr. A. C. Dixon on "Evangelism" and Rev. Z. S. Batten on "New Problems of Immigration," that were given before the Society at Buffalo. The latter is also published in pamphlet form, and can be had upon application to the Society or its district secretaries.

A Missionary's Devotion in Building a Chapel

IN Payette, Idaho, the Baptist church lost its old house by fire, and in the erection of a new house, which is made possible by a gift from the Home Mission Society, the pastor, in order to make the money go as far as possible, writes, that "I did a large part of the work on the foundation, and did a laborer's part last week in unloading 16,000 brick from the railway, and hauling them to the church ground." Such whole-souled and practical effort is worthy of all commendation, and we are sure that contributors to the Church Edifice Fund will feel that their offerings are wisely applied.

"Going Right Along"

CHARLES C. JOHNSON, M. D., of Columbia, S. C., writing to Doctor Osborn, of Benedict College, says: "I greatly rejoice that, while various methods of 'solving the negro problem' are being agitated by different men, while the motives and the spirit of those engaged in the cause are being impugned and their characters maligned, and while many discouragements and obstacles tend to dishearten the laborers in the work of Christian education, they are going right along — so many of them — in their Heaven-inspired and divinely guided work."

Medical Graduates, Shaw University

AT the recent commencement of the departments of law, medicine, and pharmacy, at Shaw University, twenty-four young men were graduated, thirteen in medicine, five in pharmacy, and six in law. Admirable addresses were delivered by the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Hon. J. Y. Joyner, and by Rev. C. H. Watson, D. D., of Boston. The year in all departments has been a very successful one, and the graduates of the school are everywhere welcomed as leaders who speedily make a large place for themselves among their people. President Meserve assures us that there are calls from every quarter for these graduates, especially in pharmacy, and that many more could find immediate employment if the school were able to send them forth.

Sermons in Buildings

ELOQUENT sermons in wood and stone are the buildings that border our thoroughfares and dot our landscapes, exponents, as they are, of men's need, avarice, or aspiration. As silent witnesses; without let or hindrance they sway wandering thoughts, bringing to mind pictures, happy or sad, of degradation or lofty ambition. Two classes of buildings, as wide apart in their character as East is from West, have special influence on passers-by; for baneful always is sight or sound of saloon and other low resort; while around the place of prayer cluster holy and happy influences.

But beyond this subtle swaying of thought is the long procession of active agents for good or evil filing through the doors of saloon or house of God. In the older settled portions of the land churches are numerous, and it is from them the dominating impulse comes; from infancy all children, of worldly as well as godly parentage, are accustomed to church-going throngs and Christian activities, and unconsciously draw many ideas of life and duty from that pure and ennobling source.

But of large portions of our "frontier," what are the facts? What is the influence? Many rural settlements and good sized towns are without church edifices; sometimes our Baptist churches are ten, twenty, a hundred and more miles apart; but saloons are there. Individual enterprise and greed guarantee that a room, a few pints of the liquid fire, cards, cigars, a banjo; all classes of men, youth, middle, and old age, congregate in these places. Story and song and gay conversation draw again and again many upright, well-meaning fellows, who, at first, dropped in from curiosity or for companionship; but the place is contamination. As habitués they laugh at sallies that once caused a shudder of revulsion; their mouths no longer shun vile language and profanity; they become active participants in the drinking and gambling, and, perhaps, in the frequent all-around fights; their manhood is degraded; their sense of honor deadened, and ideals of duty and good citizenship dimmed or lost. This picture of many sections is not overdrawn. One missionary writes, "The saloon dictates in the land." Another says: "Twenty-three young men at last court sent to the penitentiary, all of respectable families in other States;" another writes, "Twelve saloons, one wholesale liquor house, one brewery, — Sunday baseball, a Sunday lynching, two Sunday murders, in a few weeks."

Church edifices, Christian activities not possible without them, Christian sentiment permeating many lives, alone can save these new countries. The few who desire a permanent meeting-place are ofttimes poor in this world's goods, struggling for the bare necessities of life; scattered, they lack strength to accomplish great things. A church home would bind them together, and make them powerful for good.

For themselves and their communities they stretch out longing hands to those of our country in whose ears the chiming of church bells are a daily occurrence, and who dream not what life is like in portions of our land where their voice is not heard. Our Church Edifice Fund is inadequate to respond to one quarter of the demands upon it; what reply shall we make to the imploring appeals? F. B.

Education in Porto Rico

WRITING on "Our Problem in Porto Rico," Mr. Charles De Garmo states, that two things are necessary for the redemption of Porto Rico: (1) The creation of an intelligent middle class that can comprehend the meaning and value of self-government; and (2) the differentiation of the industries, whereby this intelligent class may rise above the peon state in which they are to-day enchained. The first end can only be accomplished by education under American direction and with American financial support; the second may be brought about through free markets and the investment of American capital in productive enterprises. At the present time, the best that can be done by way of providing teachers and schools for the island, is to gather sixty thousand of the two hundred and fifty thousand children in schools. Because of the lack of accommodations, thousands of children are deprived of schooling. Yet no other country applies to schools so large a part of its total income by taxation, more than one-quarter being devoted to this purpose. The study of English is eagerly pursued by the children, and is desired by the whole population. Industrial education is also rapidly springing up, and as fast as he can command well-trained teachers, Commissioner Lindsay is putting two teachers in each rural school, one to teach in the house, and the other out-of-doors, the children being divided into two classes, one-half working in the house, and one-half in the garden; each child spends half his time working with books, and the other half with tools. The University of Porto Rico has been authorized by the Legislature, and instruction will be begun in the teachers' college and the departments of agriculture and mechanical arts. It is hoped that the United States Congress will provide the latter. Here, too, is another opportunity for American philanthropists to serve their country and the cause of civilization. — *Review of Reviews.*

Negro Roman Catholics

OF the eight million of negroes in this country, according to *The Catholic Telegraph*, only 150,000 are Roman Catholics; and these are principally in the cities, except in Louisiana and Maryland. In those States, especially Louisiana, the slaves, in some instances, came under the religious influence of their owners, and, consequently, became attached to the Church of Rome. The marvel is that so few of them are now to be found in that church. *The Telegraph* says, that "one feature that draws the negro to the Catholic Church, is the attendance of whites at their churches," and "the utter disregard of his color when he attends a white Catholic church." There has been some talk that the French "religious" might be sent to the negroes in the South, since the French are among the best missionaries of the Church.

The Negroes' Appeal to the Georgia Legislature

DURING the last session of the Georgia Legislature a proposition was under consideration for the division of public school funds to schools for whites and for negroes respectively on the basis of taxes paid by each. In their protest to the legislature the negroes say:

"The uplifting of the fallen, the strengthening of the weak, the development of the backward, is not mere charity and almsgiving, it is the very best investment any community can make — it is self-protection and self-defence against the most insidious of social evils. No greater calamity could happen to you or your children than to have the negroes about you remain in their present condition, or to retrograde to a still lower plane. If it is a calamity to have your lands retrograde and deteriorate, surely it is a far greater calamity to have a million of your fellow men reduced to greater ignorance and degradation. It is to the personal advantage of every white man in Georgia to have every negro make the very best of himself."

Well said.

In commenting on this the *Mail and Express* of New York said:

"The document goes on to show that, while the average school period of each inhabitant of the United States in 1898–99 was four and four-tenths years, and in Massachusetts was seven years, in Tennessee it was three years, and in Georgia two and a half years! It shows that negro property holding in Georgia has increased side by side with the decrease of negro illiteracy. And then, what is most important to the point at issue, it goes on to prove that the negroes are already paying vastly more toward bearing the general burden of society than is indicated by the amount of direct taxes they pay. With all other poor men, they pay more than their due proportion of indirect taxes. If they had their direct taxes for their schools, and also their share of the indirect, it is probable that they would not receive much less for their schools than they do now. As matters are, they are put off with inferior schools. Forty-five out of every hundred of the children of Georgia are black, but of every dollar which the State spends for schools eighty cents goes to the fifty-five white children, and only twenty cents to the forty-five black children. The negro schools cost $300,000 a year, the white schools $1,200,000.

"It begins to look as if the whites of Georgia, having practically disfranchised the blacks, contemplated a return to the principles of slavery days, when it was treasonable to teach a black man to read, because knowledge might make him dangerous. We know now that ignorance, not education, makes a man dangerous. And that is the reason why it is a part of the business of public-spirited people North and South, East and West, to endeavor to put an end to the curse of white and black illiteracy in the South."

NOTE. — The papers for July, 1903, announce that the bill was defeated in the House of Representatives by an overwhelming majority. Good for Georgia!

Negro Peonage

A NEW form of slavery has been found to exist in some sections of Alabama, creating abuses that have fired the indignation of the whites of that State as well as of Northerners. The method pursued has been that known as peonage. Negroes have been arrested for trifling debts, or even in some cases on trumped-up charges, and sold into involuntary servitude again and again. In one instance it is reported a negro borrowed a dollar from a white man, and, failing to repay it, was fined. Having no money to pay the fine, the negro was sold for $25 to a white man, who worked him for a year, and then sold him at an advance of fifteen dollars on the original purchase price. Having attempted to escape, the negro was sentenced to six months' additional servitude. The unfortunate "legal" slave was finally emancipated by the Federal authorities, acting upon information secured by an agent of the United States Secret Service. It is confidently asserted that a virtual system of slavery exists in the "Black Belt," accompanied by inhuman and cruel maltreatment of many of the victims of this strange abuse of law, which is in direct conflict with the Constitution of the United States. Under the peonage system, the negroes so held are in a worse condition than the slaves before the war, for the latter were protected by safeguards not afforded to the former. The Federal grand jury, meeting in Montgomery, handed up last week twenty-two indictments for the crime of holding negroes in peonage. The first cases are set down for trial June 22d. The presiding judge, T. C. Jones, an ex-Confederate brigadier, has the honor of his section at heart, and may be depended upon to do all in his power to bring the guilty enslavers to justice. — *Selected.*

How the Negro Problem Is to Be Solved

A DALLAS paper, Texas, quotes Rev. A. R. Griggs, D. D., a leader among the negro Baptists of that State, as follows:

"There have been and are being held political conventions, educational conventions, race councils, and negro congresses, to discuss the race problem from various standpoints, and offering as a solution educational, political, financial, industrial, commercial, and other remedies for the vexed question.

"The most noted theologians in the world have agreed that God can be reached and His helping hand secured in the settlement of any individual, family, community, State or national difficulty; that direction for every human problem is found in His word — the open Bible.

"I believe that it is our duty, as a race, to live peaceably with all men, to be industrious, useful, quiet, peaceable citizens. I believe all of those educational, religious and benevolent institutions that have made the white man such a powerful factor in the world will help the colored man to become a more respectable and useful citizen.

"We have got to work out our own salvation, and we should do it upon Bible lines."

Frontier Experiences in Wyoming

STARTLING conditions prevail in the section of the country where Rev. J. M. Jones, of Basin City, Wyoming, is laboring. He says: "Big Horn Basin is the land of extremes, in distances, in religious destitution, and in dissipation. It is true that these people have some very excellent qualities, but the larger number are extremists in self-indulgence, and very irreligious. This is, to a great extent, because religious opportunities are few. It is common out here to meet people who have not seen a church, or a preacher, or heard a sermon in six, ten, and sometimes twenty years; and, if they had the wish, they would have to go twenty-five, one hundred, or 120 miles. The saloon largely dictates, hence gambling is rampant everywhere; young men are swept along in the terrible tide of dissipation to their destruction, committing crimes which send them to our jails, and penitentiaries. At the court-house at this place twenty-three young men, all from other States, were sentenced to serve time, and, I am convinced, under assumed names: one of them frankly said he had given a false name, and had it corrected, but would not disgrace his native State: he pleaded guilty, and with the others was sentenced. I venture the statement that, if parents in Eastern States whose boys have suddenly disappeared were to investigate, they would in many cases find them serving time, living a life of dissipation, or, having made a down-grade run, resting in graves in Western soil. On one occasion, having driven sixty miles to a little town, my attention was called to a dead man, who had been put in a small, dingy room, where he had been for three days. I was told that a carpenter was making the coffin. The last words of the unfortunate man, who drank himself to death, were, 'Do not let my family know my sad end.' In the dusk of the evening I conducted a funeral service, but one of the men said, 'Hurry up, parson; it is getting late.' And soon they hurried off, rattling his bones over the stones, to the little graveyard on the hill.

"A curly-headed child of parents who had been church members, was snatched away by death; they contemplated with horror burial without religious services, and telephoned sixty miles to me, but I was fifty miles further off, and out of reach of the telephone, so the wife of one of the merchants in town read a chapter at the burial. A few days later, she was again called upon to read a chapter, this time at the burial of an old man. Multitudes of similar cases might be cited.

"As I was attending one of my appointments forty miles away in the mountains, a young lady, who lived fifteen miles higher, came on horseback to see if I could not do something in the way of preaching for them. I am doing all I can to place preaching stations at central points, and as soon as possible to put up church buildings, following these up with energetic evangelistic meetings. On one visit I ran across an old mother in Israel, who lived on a ranch with her sons. She had been six years without seeing a minister or hearing a sermon. It was a privilege to meet her. I visited a neighborhood where there had been no preaching for years. One of the men, not having heard of the appointment in time, missed the meeting, and wrote, apologizing, asking me to come to his house next time. Places of entertainment are very rare in many sections; the log cabins have only one or two rooms. In summer the missionary can easily shift for himself, for he often carries his bed with him, and sleeps out in the open air."

BAPTIST CHURCH, VERMILION, DAKOTA

Baptist Sufferers in Western Floods

REV. WALTER E. Tanner, of Turner, Kan., writes: "Our people lost about all they had, and were compelled to flee to the hills for their lives. The disaster to the community and church is appalling. Our church building was under water, and the organ, library, song-books, carpet, pulpit furniture, and the contents of the house were ruined. The members of our church are scarcely able now to support their families, and are unable to replace the damage done to the church building, or to support the pastor. Our work was moving along prior to the flood, as it has never moved before. Souls were being converted and baptized; congregations were very large; and the Sunday school was growing in numbers and efficiency; but now, without any means to support the work, we shall be compelled to close our church doors unless the Baptists of the country come to our aid. As soon as the waters receded sufficiently the pastor and two other brethren cleaned out the mud, which was fourteen inches deep in the church building. Adequately to describe the awfulness of the flood is impossible. Our church is the only Christian organization in the community of about two thousand people."

This is one of the churches to which the Society has made a special appropriation for the support of its pastor in this crisis in its history.

Work in Earnest among the French

WHAT a diligent missionary and his people can do when aroused is well illustrated by the following from Rev. G. Aubin, of Fall River, Mass.

"I promised you some facts concerning the distribution of 'The True Catechism.' Here they are:

"The members of our French mission are indefatigable in their efforts to give these little books to all their Roman Catholic neighbors and friends. They meet with a noticeable success. These new readers are very favorably impressed by the truths presented. During the month of June, the French missionary, and a score of active workers in our city Baptist churches, have distributed a few hundred copies of 'The True Catechism' among the French Roman Catholic population.

"But the 9th and 10th of July, 450 copies of the little book were sent by mail to the French professional and business men and women, as follows: 24 physicians, 10 teachers, 3 lawyers, 19 druggists, 4 real estate agents, 93 grocers, 22 bakers, 49 barbers, 8 furniture dealers, 8 photographers, 20 dry-good and shoe dealers, 8 variety storekeepers, 6 jewelers, 26 shoemakers, 19 blacksmiths, 12 milliners, 7 builders, 39 dressmakers, etc. In every copy was placed a notice of the Sunday services. This special effort will be continued through July and August. This is the first step in the remaking of their religious education.

"In making calls here and there in the city, I find many who are willing to accept this little book and examine it. Recently I have distributed from six to twenty-five copies every day. Being unable to go everywhere and to do everything, I am obliged to mail hundreds of copies to persons that would not be easily reached otherwise. The books thus sent are not lost. Many prefer to get them through the post-office, because it is more secretly done and they can read them without being suspected by their relatives and friends.

"During these last two weeks I have spoken in three of our Baptist churches in this city on the evangelization of foreigners, and at the close of these services the workers of these churches have taken over a hundred copies of the catechism, promising to place them in the hands of Roman Catholics. An old gentleman said to me: 'I have several good French Roman Catholic families in my blocks; we often speak on the subject of religion, and I am sure that they will read this little book.' A young lady said: 'I will take two copies for Roman Catholic friends of mine. They will be glad to get them.'

"A well known American artist in this city called at my house a few days ago for a copy of the catechism, saying: 'I want to give it to a Catholic lady. I know she will make good use of it. She has a little light, but she wants more of it.'

"A French physician saw the catechism in a barber shop, and he was so pleased with it that he sent a friend of his to see me in order to obtain a copy. I also gave him a New Testament.

"An American Baptist, to whom I had given a copy lately, met me yesterday, and said: 'I know six young French fellows who would like to have your catechism.' I can assure you that I was glad to let him have the copies required for these young men.

"An American young lady got a catechism for her own use, and yesterday she told my wife that she had passed it to a French Catholic lady who has an American Protestant hus. and.

"My 'Special Offer,' made in a few religious journals of our denomination, has been accepted, and a good number of workers from several States of the Union have asked for sample copies of the catechism, promising to pass them to their Roman Catholic acquaintances.

"Thus we have done all we possibly could to reach those who are in darkness. These special efforts cannot fail to produce rich results. The good people of Fall River and the officers of our great missionary societies may never see these good results or hear of them, but what of it? God will keep an account of them.

"I would make you a much longer list of such facts, but these are enough to show you what is being done to enlighten the Catholic population of our beloved land. No missionary can do all this work alone; he must have the coöperation of the workers in our churches. Just think of it! What a work would be accomplished in New England if 50,000 of our Baptist church members would help us to give the light of the gospel to the Roman Catholics with whom they come in daily contact!"

En Voyage

WHICHEVER way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so;
Then, blow it east, or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

My little craft sails not alone;
A thousand fleets from every zone
Are out upon a thousand seas;
What blows for one a favoring breeze
Might dash another with the shock
Of doom upon some hidden rock.
And so I do not dare to pray
For winds to waft me on my way,
But leave it to a higher Will
To stay or speed me, trusting still
That all is well, and sure that He
Who launched my bark will sail with me
Through storm and calm, and will not fail,
Whatever breezes may prevail,
To land me, every peril past,
Within the sheltered haven at last.

Then, whatsoever wind doth blow,
My heart is glad to have it so;
And blow it east, or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

— Poems: by Caroline A. Mason.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

CONDUCTED BY ANNA SARGENT HUNT

From Bud to Blossom

WILL you listen, dear young people, while I tell you an incident that happened on a beautiful Sabbath morning, this summer? We had been looking for a friend and I, on the placid waters of our lovely Lake Cobbosseecontee. The silver tones of the first bell of the church on the farther shore were giving their warning that we must be making ready to take our accustomed places among the worshippers in the little church on the hill.

A parting look must be given to the fully developed rose that stood temptingly near. Lightly touching a beautiful bud, I said, "See the delicate tints of that one petal which is loosened!" And then something happened. I have had no previous experience of the kind. I shall probably never have another. *You* may watch and never meet such an one. But it was true, nevertheless, and I gained my lesson. My friend bent forward in response to my exclamation; we heard a little sudden snap, and rapidly the pink petals rolled themselves away from the heart of the rose, and we actually saw the bud grow into the blossom, and, in a moment, a perfect rose was shedding its fragrance on the air. What was my lesson? This: There are pent-up forces for good in many a heart. There are many lives which have not taken on the fullness and the sweetness which it is their privilege to wear. Your lightest word or influence at the critical moment may touch the hidden spring, may release the prisoned powers, and another agency for spreading beauty broadcast and for calling out the best there is in the little circle where it acts as a leaven for good will have been brought into being.

We do not know when the exact moment will come for us to do our part to bring about the desired result. We should, lest we lose our opportunity, be ever on the alert. Behind our determination to serve faithfully, "you in your little corner and I in mine," will be His all-wise, unerring hand pointing out the way in which we should walk. From bud to blossom! God grant we may see many lives grow sweeter and larger, because we failed not at just the right time to speak or to act as we should do, or to simply *be* what the Lord would have us be. A. S. H.

A Word to Young Women

WE wish every young woman of our New England Baptist churches and congregations could have listened to the address of Miss Mary L. Howard at the late Silver Anniversary of our Society in Boston. As a young lady filled with earnest purpose to serve the Master, and carrying out this purpose in unceasing work for Home Missions, Miss Howard, the director of junior work for Connecticut, may well have the attention of all our workers, young and old.

Hurried notes taken without the aid of shorthand cannot do justice to a speaker, but we always feel grateful for even these reminders of good things. Miss Howard said, in this busy, rushing world we are all doing the thing that pushes the hardest. The pressure from the outside is not the best, but that which comes from the inside. As Christ laid down His life for us, so ought we to lay down our lives for the brethren.

A thrilling incident of a wreck occurring near the speaker's summer home was given.

Every one could seem to feel the intense earnestness with which the people on shore pulled on the ropes sent out to those in danger.

There are many souls in peril. Our young girls can pull on the ropes which will bring them to a safe haven. The trouble is so many of them are pulling on ropes which have no gospel strands. Their time and energies are wasted. They should pull on the ropes God has given to their hands. They should pull when asked to do so, — if extra calls, come, like our Silver Anniversary Fund and other needs which our Board makes known, let them pull then.

They should pull faithfully, honestly, steadily; at some times greater efforts may need to be put forth than at others, but the pulling must not stop, it must go on year by year. Our girls should pray daily, give what they can, and always have their sympathies on the side of missions. We wish we could see all our young women as keenly alive to our mission work as they would be if they heeded Miss Howard's injunctions.

Our Little Folks

FRIENDS

What I Think

"And I think that our natures are purer,
Their instincts more truly obeyed,
If, together with loved ones, we cherish
The pets that our Father hath made."

Dear Little Folks: —

E want you, every one, to read the story that follows: "Two ways of doing it."

It is, of course, too late for you to sow flower seeds now, but many of your mothers and sisters have flower gardens, and we are almost sure they would be glad to give you some plants to care for and to be your very own this summer, and you can do as Sweet Pea and Lily and Rose of the story planned. The boys, we believe, with very little coaxing, can get small patches of potatoes or other vegetables to tend, so they may have something to contribute to the missionary sale. August may be a very dry, hot month, and you will all be glad to be earning your money by carefully watering and watching over your "green things growing." Another year you can start early, and sow your seed in the bright spring days.

Two Ways of Doing It

What the Girls Said

WHAT do you suppose we're going to do in our Band? Miss Mason thought of it, and the girls think it's just lovely. Every one of us is going to be a flower. I'm Pansy, and Florence is Sweet Pea, and Lily and Rose they're just themselves, and Chrissie is Chrysanthemum, and Belle is Bluebell. We're going to grow the flowers that belong to our names, and some others, of course, and sell buttonhole bouquets and bouquets for vases, all we can, this summer. I think lots of folks would like to pay ten cents for bouquets all right for their tables, don't you? Belle arranges flowers beautifully, and she's head of the arranging committee.

"And by and by we're going to have a flower show — the autumn flowers, you know, and plants all started in window gardens — and sell them for our missionary money. Don't you think it's a nice plan, auntie? You see, we'll really earn our money, 'cause it's lots of work to take care of flowers, and water them, and all.

"The boys won't do it. Boys are so queer! They say they don't want to have flower names, they'd rather have a secret society. Belle said, 'How are you going to get your money?' and Frank Foster said, 'Never you mind. We'll have it all right, when the time comes.' I do wish I knew what they're going to do. I s'pect Miss Mason knows, 'cause they've been talking with her when they thought we didn't see. Well, anyhow, we'll have a good time."

What the Boys Said

"Who wants to be called Bachelor's Button or Honeysuckle? That will do for girls — they're queer, anyway, and it kind of fits them. But we don't want it, Miss Mason."

Miss Mason was a wise woman. She knew a plan that the boys would like, and was ready to tell them about it. And so it came to pass that the boys were quite as busy as the girls through the beautiful summer days, but they kept their secret so well that not one of the girls guessed it all. And they chatted quite as merrily as the girls when the time came to arrange things for the missionary sale.

"See here, Phil," called Harry Wendell, "help me polish up my potatoes and I'll help you on your parsnips. Every one's got to be so clean it won't know itself. See this placard that my father wrote for me:

"'I'm a Missionary Potato. Pay five cents, and take me home.'"

"And here's mine — my big brother fixed it:

"'Many a snip of time and patience
We have cost our owner here.
Now as [pa]snips won't you buy us?
We will bring you lots of cheer!'"

"What's Will doing?"

"Something or other with his corn, I s'pose. Oh, Will, what are these cunning little ears?"

"Pop-corn of course! Don't you know pop-corn? See, I'm going to have a long string of it after it's popped, caught all along here, so folks as stupid as you won't have to ask questions."

"Thank you! I hope you 'know beans' when you see them," was the merry reply from Harold James, the proud possessor of several quarts of beans as the result of his summer's work.

Flowers or vegetables — neither were best — and both were love-tokens for Jesus. — *A. M. G., in Children's Home Missions.*

My Missionary Garden

I'VE dropped my seeds
In faith and prayer,
And now the weeds
I'll watch with care.
To plant and watch,
To hoe and rake —
All this I'll do,
"For Jesus' sake."

God sends the rain
And sunshine bright;
He guards my seed
By day and night.
This is my part,
To hoe and rake,
And do it all
"For Jesus' sake."

The earth is kind
And warms the seed;
It wakes its life
For others' need.
This is all my part:
To do my best
"For Jesus' sake,"
And leave the rest!

— *Children's Home Missions.*

The Banner Junior Auxiliary of Connecticut

THE Heavenward Mission Band of Jewett City was organized Oct. 26, 1901. The membership consisted of twenty-six boys and girls from five to fifteen years of age. Miss Grace Spaulding, of Moosup, who was Junior Director of Stonington Union Association when the band was formed, and Miss Ida J. Foster, of Jewett City, have worked together unceasingly to make the band a success, and well have they accomplished their purpose.

A very full report of the work has been received. Pastor and parents have helped in every way possible. More than one hundred dollars have been raised for missions.

Mite-boxes, new kinds being often procured at the rooms in Boston, are brought in the first Sunday of each month, opened, the contents counted, the amount credited to each child, and the boxes put together for another month. "All come with them promptly; there is no 'next Sunday' with Miss Foster as a leader, so of course they remember to bring them on time." It is not thought to be a wise thing to drop the work of this band with the close of the public school year. The children's interest should be kept alive, and they will be ready to begin work in September. Miss Cushman's "Penny Helpers" were mounted on cards last summer, and suspended by loops of baby-ribbon. Pretty little bags of silk, drawn with ribbon, were made for the pennies. "The effort was made to have the entire affair dainty and nice, for children can tell so quickly when a thing is cheap and half-done." The children were told that each one who on the first Sunday in September had a dollar would receive a solid silver star badge. Fourteen of these stars were won by those who had earned each a dollar. The money was a vacation gift to Miss Owen of Mather School. The debt of our Society and the silver anniversary called out special gifts.

A few things, such as a supper and historical entertainment on Washington's Birthday, and an Alaskan entertainment, have brought in money, but it is usually earned and saved by self-denial.

The band meets Sundays at 3.30 P. M. One of the members presides, and calls each number from a program. Another plays the organ; the singing is spirited. Miss Foster conducts the Scripture lesson.

The Lord's Prayer in concert is followed by the concert repetition of "Let the words of my mouth," etc., all standing and with bowed heads. The responses to the secretary's roll-call are promptly given. A unique pledge is rendered. Each member is supposed to repeat this pledge every morning upon awaking.

At each meeting the topic for study is presented in narrative form. For instance, in considering the negroes in America, beginning with "Once upon a time," a vivid word picture is drawn; not too awful, but like a story, of the capture of the first slaves, the long marches through African jungles, the sad sea voyage, the tilling of lands in the South, the war and emancipation, the opening of colored schools, etc. The lady sending the report says: "It is possible, I *know* it, to make these facts into as interesting a story as 'Jack and the Beanstalk,' or any fairy tale." While a topic is being studied, the pennies are saved, and at the close of the lesson a gift for that work is sent to the rooms. When studying about the colored people special reference was made to Miss Owen as teacher. Again the Indians and Mrs. Hicks for one meeting, the Indians and Mrs. Wright for another, and so on. Letters from these teachers had been secured for the meeting. Miss Owen and Mrs. Peckham have greatly interested the children. These missionary meetings are *never* dull.

They are the most delightful set to talk with imaginable. Ask them if they have any questions, and here and there, without any waiting, stands up a boy or girl. Their questions are intelligent ones. We have tried to keep the talk within the limit of their comprehension.

They therefore know what has been said. Miss Foster has taught them parliamentary rules, and it is refreshing, after some women's meetings I have attended, to hear these little tots make motions and second them, the one presiding putting them to vote either by the right hand, standing, or acclamation. They know each way.

Officers are elected each quarter — president, vice-president, secretary, organist, one to pass singing-books, etc. The secretary's report is read the first Sunday of each month, also quarterly reports when due. These reports would be good models for societies of older growth.

All hail, brisk little Banner Band of Connecticut. A long life to you, and much usefulness!

Is there not some suggestion for other societies of little folks, which are not accomplishing all they wish?